# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

## TRIBUTES

Zona Gale, *by Jennie Franklin Purvin*
Sydney Strong, *by Fred W. Shorter*

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The American Faith - *Albert C. Dieffenbach*

We Judge the Living — History Rates the Dead - - - - - *John Malick*

Released from Bondage—Part III - - - - - - - *Synnove Larsen Baasch*

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Trumpets on New Horizons

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# UNITY

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## The Field

***"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."***

### Is Pacifism Practical?

Pacifists are asked what they would do under existing conditions to stop aggression and the spread of Naziism and Fascism throughout the world. They are told that the only language understood by dictators is force; that any attempt to substitute good will and reason in dealing with them is futile.

The pacifist can retort that the forceful methods hitherto employed by those in control of so-called democratic governments are responsible for the rise of Naziism and Fascism. The World War was waged to subdue the "one guilty nation," and establish democracy, but the victors continued to rely upon force, instead of justice, and have themselves to blame for the results.

Instead of recognizing the universal guilt of the militaristic powers, the Allies disregarded the terms of the armistice and imposed upon the enemy the Treaty of Versailles which was so unjust that it united Germany in its resolve to regain military equality among nations.

Pacifists, denounced for their impracticability, are amazed at the impracticability of the militarists. When Germany was disarmed and the danger was over, the victors increased their competitive armaments. When Germany was unable to meet the indemnity imposed, the Allies lent her money with which to pay. Though the destruction of Germany's power was the object of the war, Germany was allowed to re-arm, to occupy the Rhineland with troops, assist the Spanish rebellion, seize Austria, and partition Czechoslovakia. It would seem as if Great Britain and France were waiting until Germany becomes strong enough to put up a good fight before using force against her.

Pacifists are not to blame for the sorry mess that has followed the use of force and the disregard of justice. They opposed military sanctions but as those sanctions were the means provided for disciplining aggressors, they denounced the League of Nations for its failure to take action against Japan and Italy when the imperialists invaded the territory of League members. Hitler was watching and was encouraged.

There is a general impression that Germany, Italy and Japan are militaristic while Great Britain, France and the United States are pacific nations. That assumption is unwarranted. The governments of all great powers have steadfastly refused to abandon their imperialism. The democracies cannot consistently oppose ruthless Fascism when they themselves approve of forceful methods of obtaining their demands.

The United States continues to sell munitions to the aggressors; it has never demanded universal total disarmament; it has never agreed to abide

*(Continued on page 176)*

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CXXII MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1939 No. 11

### AMERICA

Lincoln, thou shouldst be living at this hour;
America hath need of thee. To save
The future we invoke the past—the deeds
And spirit of thyself and Washington.
When thou didst grapple with resistant evil,
No luxury of secret compromise
Didst thou endure; thy vital problem must
Be solved, not compromised.
Emancipation was thy task,
Divinely set and sacredly performed.
But thou didst war against the thing, and when
It was destroyed, the victory was won;
Thy enemies became thy brothers as of yore.
And now the decimated world, bleeding and weak,
Begs freedom from the age-long slavery of war.
Lincoln, thou shouldst be living at this hour,
To heed the call and thwart the secret group
Who (self-appointed gods) for mastery over men
Would make a devil's league with war.

We have no Lincoln now, who squares his words
With deeds; who seeks God's sunshine for his stage,
Nor sees ambition's image mirrored in his phrase.
Bestir thy spirit, Lincoln, make it potent here.
A billion souls cry out for bread and get a stone.
They would prevent, not win, the next great war.
Does justice house itself with blood? Is life so tame
In peace that youth must fight to death to be a man?
Must reason yield to gun and torch when nations disagree?
All other forms of murder are a crime save war;
The diplomats' commandment keeps it lawful still.
The curse of war remains, the worst of all,
To uphold power and subjugate mankind.
And so through blood and anguish we will struggle on,
Until thy peer, O mighty Lincoln, effacing war by law,
Emboldens common men to work their will and rule the world.

—S. O. Levinson.

*Reprinted from Unity of July 17, 1919.*

## DEMOCRACY AWAKE

Everywhere these days there is a stiffening of the lines of democracy as over against the totalitarian states. This is partly because the dictators are overplaying their hands, as such men can always be trusted to do. Give them rope enough—which in this case means *time!*—and the lust of power will inevitably drive them to overreach themselves. Mussolini's attack on France, with its preposterous demands for the surrender of Corsica, Tunisia, and Savoy, is a perfect illustration of what we mean. France had suffered a grievous wound at Munich, in paying an almost mortal price for peace. It was said, and believed, that the Republic had suddenly sunk to the level of a third or fourth-rate power. Especially serious as weakening factors in her political life were the internal dissensions among her politicians and people. Then came Il Duce with his fierce onslaught upon the integrity of the nation, and instantly it regained its lost prestige. France is again today in a position of primary influence, thanks to the dignity and power of her position as over against meddling and muddling Italy. But it is not only the mistakes of the dictatorships which are restoring democracy. The democratic lands themselves are clarifying their position and reaffirming their ideals. President Roosevelt's message, as we mention later, was regrettable in its spirit of defiance, its half-concealed threats of sanctions and boycotts, and its perfectly open summons to arms on behalf of a holy cause. But this address nonetheless had merit in its renewal of pride in the high calling of democracy and its vindication of its own life as over against the despotic tendencies of the times. Premier Chamberlain's visit to Rome was likewise important not only as a friendly gesture, but also as a firm pronouncement of dignity and self-respect. There is no need to fight to save our world. Still less is there need to run away. Democracy has latent powers of immeasurable capacity. To get scared or panicky, to rush to arms and clamor for war, is a sign only of our despair, and of our distrust of our own cause. We have only to be true to ourselves to give the dictators of this hour pause.

## THE QUAKER MISSION TO GERMANY

Once again we take off our hats to the Quakers—or rather bow in reverence before them. They have done something to stir the admiration and gratitude of human hearts, and to ease the troubles of this troubled world. Still more, they have proved anew the practicability of Christianity, and exemplified the highest ideals of its spirit. We are referring in all this, of course, to the Rufus Jones Mission to Berlin on behalf of the German Jews—the committee of three Friends who quietly visited the Nazis, to make terms with them for the rescue of the oppressed of Israel. It is to be noticed, first of all, that Rufus Jones and his colleagues did precisely what Neville Chamberlain did. They wasted no time in denunciations or defiances, but,

having a beneficent thing to accomplish, put their pride in their pockets (a good place for pride!) and went on a mission to Hitler, that they might win favors from him in the interest of humanity. It is to be noted, secondly, that, thanks to the method used, they were successful, just as Chamberlain was. As the British Prime Minister won peace at a heavy price, which he was not unwilling to pay for such a priceless boon, so the Quaker mission won relief for the Jews, also at a heavy price. Rufus Jones accomplished substantially two things! First, he got permission to enter Germany with relief money, and establish stations for the feeding and nursing of distressed Jews. Secondly, he got permission to take out of Germany, as fast as they can be removed, 150,000 Jews, or about a quarter of the total Semitic population of the Reich. As there is no place for these Jews to go, at least for the present, the Quakers are going to undertake to build camps, or barracks, along the frontiers, for the shelter of the refugees until such time as they can be found permanent homes elsewhere. Here is a piece of work as gigantic as it is beautiful. The Friends are able to do it, first, because they have learned to put by force and violence, and all the works of hate, and to discipline themselves to the works of love; secondly, because they have built up in Germany a record of disinterested service, and thus are trusted by the Nazis; and, thirdly, because they were not afraid, in this emergency, to use even with Nazis the methods of friendly conference and agreement.

## FAIR PLAY FOR JEWISH WORKERS

The American Jewish Congress is issuing a series of pamphlets on Jewish non-employment. The pamphlets are impressive as specimens of scientific sociological inquiry, and terrifying in their disclosures. Discrimination against Jews in the industrial and professional fields is steadily increasing. A mid-Western university is reported as deciding to limit the enrollment of Jewish students in its technical schools because the trustees had found it so difficult to place their Jewish graduates. Newspaper "ads" marked "Christian," "Christian firm," "Anglo-Saxon," and similar limitations, are multiplying all the time. In the employment agency "ads" of 1934, the specification of "Christian firm" occurred at the amazingly high rate of once in every column inch of advertising matter. This is five times as frequent as in 1932. The tendency toward discrimination became intensified in 1937-38. At the present time the situation is at its worst. It follows, on the whole, the rising and falling of the business cycle, yet through all the ups and downs there runs the steadily mounting curve of prejudice. It is astonishing, and discouraging, to discover that since the advent of Naziism "the frequency of discriminatory specifications has grown progressively higher." The reasons given for refusal of jobs to Jews are seldom honest, and sometimes amusing. A telephone company official seriously asserted that Jewish girls could not operate central office equipment "because," he said, "their arms are too short." This would seem to be on a par with the claim of the vice-president of a large restaurant chain that Jewish girls could not be employed as waitresses because they did not like to be seen in restaurants serving non-kosher food. Any stick to beat the dog! What we have here, of course, is one of the most sinister phases of anti-Semitism in America. In New York State, and we suppose in other states, there is a constitutional provision forbidding discrimination "because of race, color, creed, or religion"—but what good does it do? What must be had is a public opinion sensitive to these outrages against our Jewish brethren. As a first step, get informed by reading these pamphlets of the American Jewish Congress (221 W. 57th St., New York.)

## MOONEY FREE!

The air of this country seems easier to breathe since Tom Mooney was set free. In spite of all the bleak, black years of injustice to an innocent man, democracy seems not such a failure, after all. In the dictatorial countries, Tom Mooney would never have lived to see this day. In Italy and Germany—and in Russia, too—he would have been summarily shot. As it was, in the earliest days of this tragic and terrible story, Mooney's life was spared from the death penalty by intervention of a justice-loving President. Then through all these weary years, there were the court processes and appeals, under due authority of democratic law, which kept Mooney's case and his own hope alive, and at last brought him pardon and release. All of which means that democracy at its worst is infinitely better than any form or phase of despotism! But there remains still the awful horror of this episode. The California Governor did his best—all honor to him for such quick and decisive action! But nothing can restore to Tom Mooney and his wife these twenty-two and a half years stolen from them, as nothing can remove from the State of California the stain of this monstrous crime. From the beginning there was doubt of Mooney's guilt which should have made impossible his conviction. Within a few years, doubt of guilt was turned into certainty of innocence. Yet hysteria, fear, prejudice, hate, stood in solid phalanx to resist the release of the prisoner from behind his bars. The shame of it!—as great and terrible as the shame of the Dreyfus case in France. But all the justice that can be done has now been done—or will be done when Billings is freed to join his fellow-victim in the outer air. It is to Tom Mooney's everlasting credit that he is to devote himself to Billings before he does anything else, or even leaves California. As Billings was convicted on the same perjured testimony and is now caught in a mere technicality of law, his release should be easily accomplished.

### SYDNEY STRONG

Our beloved friend and fellow-editor, Dr. SYDNEY STRONG, died on December 30, 1938. Seventy-eight years of age, he lived a life which began in the loins of his early New England ancestors and ended—if such a life can end!—in the far visions of his heroic offspring. His daughter Anna Louise Strong in Soviet Russia and his son Tracy Strong in Geneva carry on a tradition of pioneering which was planted when their forebears first penetrated the American wilderness, and flowered in the mind and heart of their gallant father. For New England Puritanism is no dead movement of sterile and dull conservatism; in its essence it is fluid and not static, sincere and not hypocritical, and always courageous in its non-conformity. SYDNEY STRONG was a Puritan of the Puritans in his rigorous personal morality, his intellectual integrity, his reverence for righteousness as the cause of action, his faith in God, his belief in man, his passion for the establishment of the commonwealth of peace and brotherhood on earth. He was afraid of nothing; an insatiable curiosity and an unconquerable idealism made him the champion of new ideas and far-flung adventures in the human quest of progress. Long a pastor of Congregational churches east and west, he faced early the charge of radicalism, and in the World War won denunciation for pacifism. A lover of peace in the uncompromising Quaker sense, he abandoned his ministry after the War, and began those years of travel and inquiry which carried him around the world as an ambassador of brotherhood. Australia, China, Russia, Switzerland, France, Mexico, America, all knew him and welcomed him. An eager writer, he flung wide his seeds of thought, many of them in the columns of this paper. His books, *We Believe in Immortality, We Believe in Prayer, The Rise of American Democracy,* compilations skillfully edited, had wide influence. In his later years he lived in New York, and at last returned to his old home and parish in Seattle, where he died. The best this world has grown was in this man. He was one of the saints.

### A HOLY WAR!

One sentence in President Roosevelt's message to Congress attracted immediate and wide attention. It was his statement that religion is one of the "three institutions indispensable to America," and ". . . the source of the other two—democracy and international good faith." The usual unthinking applause of anything a President may say in striking fashion, more particularly our present President, was followed by some rather sober questioning. Is this statement historically accurate? If so, why was there no democracy in Europe during the Middle Ages when religion was at the zenith of its influence and power? And why has democracy been obliged so often to fight against religion for its own survival? And as for international peace, when has religion not been on the side of war, and how often itself the fomenter of war? But more serious than these problems as to historical accuracy, is the problem as to the occasion and cause of this statement. The President is not an historian or philosopher, but a statesman, and he speaks in the interest always of national policy. In this case, it is foreign policy—an attempt to identify America with the high interests of religion, as over against the irreligion and sheer paganism of the totalitarian states, the menace of which he painted in his message in fearful colors. A few days later came his demand for the rearming of the nation—the piling up of more than $500,000,000 on top of the more than $1,000,000,000 now being expended for preparedness. To ignore the meaning of all this is sheer imbecility. The *Christian Century,* always favorably inclined to the President, has in this case proved a faithful watchman on the tower, and raised the cry of alarm. "The President of the United States," it declares in its January 18th issue (page 78), "has invited the American people to follow him into preparation for a holy war . . . Mr. Roosevelt [has] sought to launch a new crusade: 'To arms to save religion!' . . . This is the naked and appalling meaning of the message which he delivered at the opening of the 76th Congress." As to what we should do in this crisis, the *Christian Century* is in no doubt. "His appeal should be utterly and instantly rejected. Particularly should this repudiation come from the churches, for it represents an insult to the ideals and intelligence of the nation's religious community." UNITY joins the *Century* in this challenge, and asks its contemporaries all to do likewise.

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# Jottings

President Roosevelt made highly questionable use of religion in his January 4th message to Congress (see editorial elsewhere in this issue), but he incidentally offered a definition of religion which is well worth pondering. It follows:

> Religion, by teaching man his relationship to God, gives the individual a sense of his own dignity and teaches him to respect himself by respecting his neighbors.

The President's budget estimate of $8,995,000,000 sounds suspiciously like the department store's price tags of $4.98 and $9.95. We have never been able to understand this kind of figuring, as we have never seen anybody fooled by it.

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President Roosevelt's major appointments this

year have been Frank Murphy (*Catholic*) as Attorney General, Harry Hopkins (*Protestant*) as Secretary of Commerce, and Felix Frankfurter (*Jew*) as Supreme Court judge. This is democracy functioning at its best!

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The appointment of Felix Frankfurter, a Harvard professor, to the Supreme Court, was accompanied by the appointment of Dean Clark, a Yale professor, to the Circuit Court. Thus does the President, a Harvard graduate, prove anew the ancient saying that the most popular college among Harvard men, next after Alma Mater, is Old Eli.

It is easy to laugh at Prime Minister Chamberlain's umbrella. But we had rather see the head of government traveling from land to land with an umbrella than with a sword.

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It is comforting to hear that the League of Nations is to have a flag, to be used at the World's Fair in New York—a pentagon, with a five-pointed star within, upon a white ground. The pentagon and star are symbolic of the five continents of the globe, and the white ground of peace. All this is comforting, as it shows the League's determination, in these distressful days, to keep its flag flying. J. H. H.

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# Tributes*

## ZONA GALE

Characteristic of Zona Gale's democracy were her interest and activity in behalf of the public library and the public use of public schools. Due to the fact that the public library is the most sadly neglected of all municipal institutions, it has been necessary to organize in various places "Friends of the Public Library." The most effective call for such groups was penned by Zona Gale. It is entitled *In His Lifetime,* and bears repetition in full. It reads:

> In a town in Scotland there was erected many years ago a beautiful arch of stone. The inscription on the arch—and an arch, like a public building, should always have an inscription—was this:
>
> Erected by ..... in his lifetime.
>
> Many another has offered a gift of beauty to a community; but this man had three memorable qualities.
>
> First, he was not a rich man, making a gift, but a man of moderate means. Second, he was as eager to share what he had as a rich man might be. Third, he was not a man making a gift after his death. He had made his gift in the course of his lifetime.
>
> It is many years since this man's act was celebrated. Perhaps one does not recall his name. But no one who ever saw that arch, or heard its inscription quoted could forget: "Erected in his lifetime." Few can make large gifts, but many can make some gift, and in their own lifetimes.

They who knew Zona Gale cannot escape seeing in these lines the soul of the writer. From the time when she scribbled her first lines as a news reporter to the last words which she penned, she was always "the person of moderate means," eager to share what she had as a rich man might, making her gifts in the course of her lifetime. In her own words, spoken in praise of Andrew Carnegie, her "benefactions were unique" and her "spirit widespread."

At a meeting of the Lincoln Center Forum where she too had often spoken, a lecturer said recently that while all people must admit to some selfishness in their natures, a few had such enlarged selves that they could serve society through their own thought and effort. Zona Gale's was an "enlarged self"; it could compass mankind in its love and service. She was warm, as are the folks in the small towns which she knew and loved and described so well. Spending much of her life among simple people, she read their thoughts and saw their motives and actions and understood them with sympathy and tolerance. She herself was so simple and genuine that the best which anyone had to give was what one sent out to meet her soul in communion. In Zona Gale there breathed that love for fellowman which few have been capable of and few have shown.

In the early part of the second decade in this century, before the shadows of imminent war fell across the pathway of the world, there sat in the White House a President who had learned, perhaps out of books, perhaps out of experience, perhaps out of wishful thinking, that the best way in which to keep a people contented, alert, and progressive was to give them full and frequent opportunity to meet for mutual speech and recreation. To his notion the ideal place in which the American people should gather for exchange of thoughts, for recreation and play, was the public schoolhouse—that first and greatest guardian of American liberty and democracy. Unfortunately it has happened, all too often, that the guardians of school property have considered it their public duty to keep the schoolhouses of America open as little as possible; they have not noted that the enormous investment, even the financial investment, in the buildings could be made to pay greater returns to the public in direct proportion to the use which the public made of them. Realizing this, Woodrow Wilson believed in the free use of the public schools for community purposes, as well as for education of our youth. Woodrow Wilson had a daughter, Margaret; Margaret Wilson had a friend, Zona Gale. Together, they decided to broadcast the President's idea throughout the land. In what better way could they bring to the American people a knowledge of the great value which lies in free speech, freely expressed, in a public place, among one's neighbors and friends? In what better way, too, could the American people entertain itself than to play, as one great family, in the neighborhood schoolhouse, to which all could go as equals, as proprietary owners in a great municipal institution? In what better place could they come to know and understand one another, to consider the problems of everyday life, their own, their neighbor's, those of their city and state and nation—even of the world?

That she might strongly implement her faith in this democratic idea, Zona Gale became Chairman of the Civics Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Together with Margaret Wilson, she

*In the passing of Zona Gale and Sydney Strong, UNITY has lost two of its long-time friends and most highly esteemed contributing editors. Zona Gale was born August 26, 1874; died December 27, 1938. Sydney Strong was born January 25, 1860; died December 30, 1938.

took the message of the President to the people of the land. Here in Chicago, at a national meeting of the General Federation, she presented the plan to a luncheon meeting of one thousand women. Standing on the same platform with the daughter of the President of the United States, she made her plea for better American citizenship, for community of thought, for union of interests, for neighborliness in big and little cities, for a democratic way of life!

No heroics were necessary to fill the pages of Zona Gale's books, nor those of her life. Through her writings and her deeds, she will continue to walk among us, the embodiment of good, the soul of honor, the beckoner toward simplicity and genuineness, toward that democracy in which she had implicit faith.

JENNIE FRANKLIN PURVIN

## SYDNEY STRONG

Memorial services for Dr. Sydney Strong, who died in Seattle, December 30th, were conducted in Independence Hall by The Church of the People. The attendants at that service—ranging all the way from Japanese to Communists, from conservative businessmen to radical workers—indicated the breadth of Sydney Strong's interests and sympathies.

Rabbi Samuel Koch of Temple De Hirsch, whose friendship with Dr. Strong extended over a period of more than thirty years, spoke of him as the "most potent personality he had known." He said: "Easily one of the most constructive minds in Seattle in his day, simple in his desires and needs, broadly social in conduct, fearless morally courageous, sensitive, jealously guarding the freedom of his thought and action, loyal to friend and cause, quickly responsive to unflinching loyalty to conviction on the part of others, though differing from himself, of great initiative and mentally creative, Dr. Strong was always admirable, modest, sincere, able, self-immolating, a challenge to the best in his friends."

Mr. Bert G. Mitchell, teacher in the Seattle Y. M. C. A., said of him that he always felt confronted by a double personality in Sydney Strong—one a gentle, sweet spirit, and the other a relentless prophet. In his personal relations he was gentle, in his condemnation of social injustice as hard as flint.

One verse of scripture comes continually to us when we think of Sydney Strong: "He was despised and rejected of men." And a scene from the New Testament repeatedly comes before us: Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. In a city of strife, recrimination and bitterness, he was always trying to do the impossible—to get people of diverse views and interests not only to tolerate one another but to understand and love one another. The organization of which he was most proud was his "Seattle Fellowship" which actively welcomed all kinds and conditions of people to its membership. At any meeting of the Fellowship one would find Negroes and whites, Protestants and Catholics, conservatives and Communists. It was a tribute to the leader that people of such diverse views could meet on a common ground of tolerance. There are hundreds of people in Seattle who first came to know the meaning of human unity through Sydney Strong's Seattle Fellowship.

He took it upon himself to close up the rifts in human association. One of these he felt keenly was the gulf that divided labor from the church. Over twenty years ago he wrote to Dr. Hubert C. Herring, general secretary of the National Council of Congregational Churches, pleading for the church to take the initiative in bringing about understanding between the church and labor. He said: "I confess I am deeply disturbed when I realize what a deep gulf there is between organized labor and the churches. I feel worse when it seems practically certain that within the next ten years all workers will be organized—and these will constitute the overwhelming majority of the people." He lived to see such labor organization, but the gulf between the two is almost as wide as ever. Sydney Strong was a fraternal delegate from the Seattle churches to the Central Labor Council. Today there is no such delegate. Until the definite split between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. he could be seen almost every week in the Labor Temple, an observer, sitting through the interminable business sessions, listening, counselling whenever the opportunity presented itself. Next to the international chaos, the bitter internecine labor struggle hurt him most.

To us, more than all else, he was a probe of God. Perhaps that is why he was so often rejected. No one likes to be probed and least of all officials of organizations. He was a gentle but a relentless surgeon. When he was convinced that the probe must be plunged deep he did not hesitate. The World War, with its poison of hate, was one of those occasions. He was preaching in the Queen Anne Congregational Church at the time. He was shocked at the betrayal of Christianity by its official exponents. He talked with them face to face, and when that was impossible he wrote to them, pleading for Christian forbearance, understanding, love. Soon after the outbreak of war, he organized a "Mediation League" for the purpose of preventing the poison of hatred from infesting Seattle life. He arranged for a concert in behalf of Belgian refugees and arranged for German participation. The British members of the League refused to have anything to do with it if the Germans were allowed to participate. That broke it. For his pains he received at first a cold shoulder and, later, ostracism and petty persecution. Men and women withdrew from his church. It never recovered from the blow and a few years ago it was disbanded. The probe went too deep for the officials of his denomination, and when the writer came to Seattle in 1926 Sydney Strong was still being blamed for its imminent demise. We leave it to the reader to place the blame and to ask whether a church organization is not better dead than a living betrayal of the Christian gospel.

In protest to his pacifism, the Seattle ministerial association came within an ace of expelling Dr. Strong. The Municipal League, of which he was an active member, did expel him. They did so after a fiery speech by the minister of the leading Methodist church. That same minister later saw the light, became himself a pronounced pacifist, and repeatedly made public apology to Sydney Strong for the foolish attacks he had made upon him.

Typical of Dr. Strong was a suggestion he made to the writer less than a year ago. Coming out of theY. M. C. A., he stopped and looked at the recruiting boards at the entrance. A beautiful girl

was bidding the boys join the navy. Sydney Strong clutched my arm and said: "Let us get some good-looking Christian girls, dress them in white with colored sashes, and have them surround these boards and recruit passers-by for the cause of peace." Had he been younger he would have carried out the plan—no matter how red the face of the Y secretary. In spite of the fact that he loved the Y—his son Tracy is the world secretary—he would have put the probe in. We were not brave enough to do it.

Another typical action was his wearing of a "2%" button on the lapel of his coat. He would give these buttons to friends and acquaintances. He wore one until his death. Its significance? Einstein had said that if 2 per cent of the people would refuse to go to war there would be no war. The button gave Sydney Strong an opportunity to proclaim his renunciation of war.

His association with The Church of the People since its organization is indicative of his generous spirit of encouraging and coöperating with any individual or organization that seemed to be blazing new paths in the application of the teachings of Jesus to modern life. He suggested the name of the small hall that the group acquired, "Independence Hall," because he believed that progressive movements should be rooted in the American tradition. In this he anticipated the present attempt to make modern radicalism, Americanism. His last compilation was a book entitled *The Rise of American Democracy,* which he hoped might be used largely in the churches as a kind of American Bible.

On a stepping stone at our Independence Hall is engraved "S S." How often he sent his friends clippings and notes marked "S S," and how grateful we were for them! He leaves behind him no organization, but in the hearts of thousands is engraved his simple "S S."

FRED W. SHORTER.

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# The American Faith

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH

Still the echo is heard of the address to the Congress delivered January 4 by the President. About the religious sentiments therein set forth, there is continuing commentary by wise men and women, for example, Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann, who have described the address as a landmark in American history and the greatest utterance in Mr. Roosevelt's career as the nation's leader.

They are quite right, and in their reasons for such praise they come to a new recognition of the importance of religion as a binder and conserver of human values and human rights, which rejoices the churchmen of the land.

What has not been so clearly discerned or at least not plainly told, is that the message described not just religion, but a particular kind of religion, the American religion, which it is important to distinguish from the religions that have actually been lived in some of the countries now threatening war in the world.

Religion is of all degrees of truth, virtue, and power. There is utterly bad religion, and religion of mediocrity, as well as pure, perfect religion. The intelligent person keeps that discrimination in mind. Obviously, there is a great distinction and difference between the American religion and the American way of life, on the one hand, and the religions of the ruling powers in Germany, Italy, and Russia and their ways as enforced upon the people by the governments. There is a vast difference, also, between the religions of the East and eastern ways of life and the prevailing, practiced religion of this country.

Even in Christianity there is by no means an actual living agreement among churches of various doctrinal and ecclesiastical orders.

In sum, there is a religion of democracy and there is a religion of monarchy, a religion which keeps the people subject to higher powers and a religion of absolute freedom which respects the inherent dignity and worth of humanity, and requires, in a spirit of equality, based upon the idea of brotherhood, that the chief end of religion is to serve man, and that in no other way is the highest glory of God demonstrated.

That truth should be repeated many times. It is not the central idea nor any part of the program in the countries now working destructive tyranny. Nor, indeed, is it the idea that prevails in most of the monarchic nations of the world. They are founded on monarchic religions, even when they take the name of Christ. But in the United States, indeed from the very earliest Colonial times, the religious emphasis has been an increasing one toward man and away from the doctrine of the sovereignty in God delegated to kings and other potentates to lord it over the people.

The significance of Mr. Roosevelt's memorable religious passages in his address to the Congress is that he defined, as no one in his office ever did before him, the difference between the American religion and all the others which do not hold man high, man the object of all the benefits, and man the instrument of the benefactions to the whole world community. The President said that when freedom of religion has been attacked—as in the three Western governments now exercising dictators' power—the attack "has come from sources opposed to democracy." And when democracy has been overthrown, "the spirit of free worship has disappeared." Literally true, and to this it is to be added that the very overthrowing of democracy is a religious act, the act of an anti-democratic religion which, though it may not be clearly embodied in dogmas like the historic creeds of the church, is nevertheless as definite and precise and dynamic as the Christian religious belief.

It is not true to say that Russia has no religion. Russia has a terrifically powerful faith that violently assails the Christian tenets. So also in Germany, from Adolf Hitler throughout his administration, the organized forces hold a positive, intellectual, resolute and thus far irresistible religious system of doctrine which rules and ruins. In lesser degree, apparently, but just as truly, the Fascist order in Italy is a religious movement which first of all runs counter to the fundamentals of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is accurate to say of all these and other forms of organized power now threatening the life of the

world, that they are religious, not pseudo-religious, as some say, because they work from an inner mystical spirit and a metaphysical way of reasoning as thoroughly as any church council or Christian theocracy ever did.

All of these things Mr. Roosevelt seems to understand better than anybody else. He knows that in a conflict of religious beliefs as radical as that which exists today, there cannot be peace and concord among the differing nations. Two lines are formed, opposing each other, and the most important thing on each side is not the potential armed forces but the ideas which are held in the minds of the leaders and put into action through their social, economic, and political programs.

Speaking broadly, democracy is but the implementation of the religion of freedom, humanity, and Christ as we in these United States conceive him. Democracy is the outward form and mechanism of religion.

"We know what might happen to us of the United States," said the President, "if the new philosophies of force were to encompass other continents and invade our own." For "philosophies" he might accurately have said "religions." He continued, "We, no more than other nations, can afford to be surrounded by the enemies of our faith and our humanity." That is the profoundest sentence in his address, because he sees that our faith or religion is a faith in humanity and a trust in behalf of humanity, which is almost absolutely what these other religions are not.

No matter what may be the outward difference among our churches in this country, the religion we actually live by is what Mr. Roosevelt said it is. It is the American religion, a religion of a nation committed to freedom, to human well-being, to brotherhood, to peace. Our religion is not yet defined in an intellectual system, but it is written indelibly in our hearts and we live it measurably in our daily relations. We would prefer to persuade them, the powerful ones, to choose the better way of our religion. We do not want to fight, but we do mean to save our faith, our freedom, our democracy, for these three are one and inseparable, and without them we cannot live.

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# Trumpets on New Horizons

### The Comet's Trail

Thought is a comet, words its golden trail,
Burning across the sky to disappear
Past constellations where the stars grow pale.
Unbidden, its return will domineer
High heaven with glory, as memory's words can flame
Across forgetfulness so dearly bought.
Though centuries pass, the comets glow the same;
And death cannot destroy one word or thought.

GRACE MILDRED OLSEN.

### Barefoot in Calico

Crusades and Parliaments for Peace
Shall have their conferences in vain
Until we study brotherhood
In grocery store and traffic lane.

The world is only you and I
In France, Tibet or Mexico,
And Peace the child that plays at home
Barefoot in calico.

MERLE PERRY.

### Street Scene

The poor are with us as of old;
In meagre clothes they greet the cold
With features that are gaunt and white
By winter light.

Their backs are bent from heavy loads
While plodding Life's laborious roads;
Their eyes are dim; their walk is slow
Because of woe.

Pathetically they stand and wait
In line, near an employment gate
While traffic hums with heavy trucks
And cars de luxe.

PHOEBE L. CAMPBELL.

### Prescience

The snow that fell to earth last night
Came down in silence, without sound,
Concealing all it touched with white.
A purity lay all around.

Yet one thought I could not erase.
I saw red patches on the snow
And agonies etched in a face.
How quick the seeds of war can grow!

MARGARET SENFF.

### The Shipyard

Roaring, hammering, ceaseless, deafening hammering,
Steel plates are flying through the quivering air;
Black hulls are gleaming through the rows of scaffolds,
Pigmy men with magic tools, working everywhere.

Banners are waving, ready for the launching;
A hush, the blows of sledge on wedge, a heavy, long-drawn sigh—
Once but formless heaps of steel, now a grand creation,
She sweeps into the water, and stands out against the sky.

A thing of vibrant, pulsing life, athrob with nerves and sinews,
Moving and breathing out clouds of smoke and steam;
Calls seem to reach her from the limits of creation;
The mind of her leaps forth to the impulse of that dream.

Roaring, hammering, ceaseless, deafening hammering;
The mind builds the ship in fulfillment of its plan;
Beating out with hammer-strokes the destiny of the master,
Building with the gallant ship the larger life of man.

ARDEN M. ROCKWOOD.

# We Judge the Living—History Rates the Dead

JOHN MALICK

Today we see names come up to first page spread and fade away to the little paragraph on the inside page; we hear them filling the country with the sound of their fury, then fading off the air. We wonder about them. When history lines them all up against the wall and brings them down by her code, by which she stays or keeps alive, who will be down and who left standing? History has this relentless way with her, reducing the great reputation of the hour to a mere name, a line, a footnote, or expanding those not much at the time to a page, a volume, or a library.

If history in 2039 is going to say what kind of fellows those were in 1939, is there any way we could prevail upon her to divulge it now, for we are the ones who could make use of it? It will be a satisfaction, no doubt, to students in a hundred years, writing their papers in history, to know, but it will be of no vital interest to them. We are the fellows who could make use of it, for they invite us to go with them, ask our loyalty and allegiance in their enterprises for life or death. We shall not have the least interest in knowing in 2039 the size of men at this time for we shall not be here. When the captains and the kings of headline and microphone depart, puffed or squeezed for the purpose of the moment, what will be left to say, "Here was a man," or, "Here was not"? In our genius and miracle-working age, it would seem that we ought to be able to discover a little thing like that in advance so that we could use it.

The only thing we can do is to take someone who has come through to high rating and trace the process back to see if we can get the law of the thing by which people are judged in the court of last resort. Abraham Lincoln is good for our purpose. He lived near our time and in the full glare of all the publicity of the time, raised to its highest power. Most of the stages that a character passes through on its way to its settled place, Lincoln's name has passed through in seventy years. In this time he has been through the stages of being vilified, deified, and debunked, arriving now at the first stage of historical estimate. The history is ample. In 1905 there were 1080 books about him, and by 1920 there were 1600 more, 2680 in all.

It is a varied record taken from the time when everyone said just what he thought. We find such words as these to express what was thought of him in different quarters: ape, baboon, buffoon, the Great Hog, gawky, not overcleanly, whiskey-smelling blackguard, vulgar. The real figure has to be gathered from words so extreme on one side and these on the other: "Born of Angel Mother," "—Madonna of the Backwoods," "Son of Tom Lincoln, Jackleg-carpenter, and son of God the Father." He became the "Model Boy," "Big buck of the lick," "rough and tumble champion of birds, widows and orphans." Then he was the incomparable lover of Anne Rutledge fixed in the mute perfection of death; "Moses in our Egypt to 'Set my People Free'," "Prophet of the West," "Man of Destiny," "Revelation of the Will Divine," "God's true double," "God's answer to prayer," "Right's embodiment," "the first American," "the pulse of twenty million," "O Faithful Pilot Shot on Good Friday, dead at Easter"; his "Malice toward none," suggested, "Forgive them for they know not what they do." The most believing would not have been surprised at resurrection. Words can go no farther. It is in words as diverse as these, from lowest low to highest high, that the real figure must be found.

It is always well to note what they all said. There always will be those, for all the reasons, most violently against. These are most likely to be most wrong, what they want so blinding them. In Lincoln's time these were in the South where they thought they stood to lose most, as those most violently against the Administration now. Then there are always those who want the same thing only want it in their own way, and quickly, as those now who want all the New Deal wants but in greater haste. This group then were the Reformers who wanted to get rid of slavery at any cost to the nation, separate from the contamination. These were as violent in their language as the opposition. They called him the Great Hog, this by their outstanding poet, and the Reformers thought him "mediocre," no gentleman; if honest, they said, it was the Kentucky kind of honesty, not their Massachusetts kind.

It is interesting to go over what they said, to see who missed him farthest, those who did not see him at all, and the reasons. Some of the best judges of the time missed him because of their standard of being a gentleman. The Presidents had all been gentlemen, they said, and what a calamity if one should be elected to whom this name could not apply. The outstanding educator, the leading doctor and wit, the best known college president of the time, all missed Lincoln, and they were the great and wise of the day. It was the, "How would Mr. and Mrs. Blank look in the White House," sort of thing. Then some missed him entirely because of his clothes, he did not go to their tailor, and some missed him because one who used English as he did could not be very much. The leading college professor of the time missed him for this reason, later saw that there might be another kind of English; thought he had given us a new kind of state paper. Some of Lincoln's writing is cited now just for its style of English speech, the last word in how to use our language.

When we look over all the great, and near great, his friends and his enemies, who of them did see him at the time about the size that he is by our estimate after seventy years of sifting and settling? It is interesting to see who they were, who were not distracted by his clothes, or his manners, or his English. There were just a few of them. There was one quiet poet, Whittier, living out in a small town; a novelist of the time, Hawthorne, and a Democrat at that, living out in a small town, too; a retired minister, Emerson, writing essays, in a small town; and a rising young philosopher of the day, John Fiske,—about half a dozen of them in all. They were not the great politicians or publicists or educators, not the people you think at the time are making opinion, not the violent opposition, nor the reformers nor the great newspaper men nor those who write and talk the most, but a few sitting out at the side of the road watching the world go by.

The curious thing is that the professional historians, who were to write about him, were just as wrong as anyone; these writers of history, with their stuff happening all around them, they did not see him either. One of them, to be his official eulogist later, thought Lincoln had no brains. Another historian did better. Walt Whitman who was to immortalize both Lincoln and himself in, "Captain, O My Captain," and, "When

Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," did not see him large in life. He thought he was, "Just a pretty big President," "I like Grant and Lincoln, too."

Then there is what the people in general thought of him at the time. Sometimes we speak after an election of candidates who seemed to have no one with them but the people. Is there some kind of insight in people by which they sense those they can trust? Hawthorne thought so, and that it is not easily deceived. Lincoln was elected twice with all the things said against him by many of the best minds of the day. This itself is an estimate by those living at the same time, wherever they got it, upon whatever they based it, fed by contemporary praise or blame. From some source they must have got more than they saw in the papers. Lincoln had a popularity at the time among the whole people. In 1861 and 1865 no one could challenge Lincoln's personal popularity, and this is the time that counts for our purposes. Everybody, almost, scrambled to be for him after he was dead. Grant and Lincoln alone in the four years had more praise than blame. After all, by far the largest estimate, and the one nearest the final judgment, is that at the time enough voted to elect him.

At the time it was always asked, "What do you think of Lincoln?" Greeley had the great newspaper, and he always thought Lincoln could not get through the day without his newspaper to guide him. What did New York think of him? We should like to know this as a guide to whether New York is likely to be right in her judgment of men, that city having wide influence on what the whole country thinks. What did Cooper Union think of him when he went on there to let New York take his measure? The best evidence of what he meant to them was that the Reception Committee made no plan for escort back to the hotel, he went by himself on a street car. Compare that with the reception of other lesser men, heroes, real and tinsel. New York turned him down in the second election. This is how far she missed him.

Once upon a time there was a poetical Scotchman. Almost no one cared in the least what he thought. Perhaps in the whole country there was no one who mattered so little, what he said or thought about anything. Some befriended him, patronizingly, gave him money, consented to let him dedicate something to them. It would not hurt them and might please him. After all, these poor devils trying to write ought to be noticed a little. Some were not so careful, they were very careless, allowed themselves to become his enemies. It did not matter. The interesting situation is that all the people living in Scotland who had anything to do with him were to get their names saved from oblivion by this same Scotch poet writing their names. Robert Burns did them the priceless service of writing their names. Maybe he dedicated something to one of them. You have to humor these poets. It makes the patron's only reputation today. Maybe he was a considerable fellow at the time. All that has been forgotten. His name is known to this day by one circumstance. He was a friend of Robert Burns. If it was an enemy, and Burns had them for a number of reasons, this enemy got saved from oblivion, too. Burns impaled him on a phrase and entombed him in a stanza, gave him perpetuity. We could pick out scores of names that have their only fame in this way. They got written into the record by a poet with whom at the time any connection was an apology or a matter of indifference. Now we wonder who these people were at the time, whether anyone of importance, and we look in the footnote to see.

As time goes on the question shifts from, "What did they think of him?" to, "What did he think of them?" In every generation there is a name that will be recalled after every other name of that generation has passed from the record. All the names of that generation will have their place by association with that name as helping or hindering the thing he was doing. We cannot tell at the time who it is, but, after the lapse of years, the single name stands out. In the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, they have names carved in stone across the front, one for each century of the last nineteen and they are wondering what figure will be carved in the stone left for it when this century is over.

Lincoln dragged along a lot of names to honorable mention, or better, who apart from connection with his name would not have gone as far alone as their connection with him carried them. They did not know this and would be most surprised that it has turned out this way. They were sure at the time that they were doing him a great honor to have his name mentioned with theirs, and they were not always nice about it. A General was made because Lincoln would not suffer him to be removed. One was silenced by Lincoln; another bent to his purpose; another humored, one was endured, another protected, another tolerated and another converted by Lincoln. Each was saved from himself and to the purpose of the hour. A step was taken toward the next tomorrow. One name seems to have incarnated that step. All the names of the period were to get all the meaning they were to have in terms of that step and by association with that one name.

We have looked at one figure at one time, whatever it may be worth to us, for guidance or warning. We are amid other scenes, have other names, making just as many mistakes in our judgments, likely, as they did. In the light of the final estimate of Lincoln, those from whom the truest estimate at the time might have been expected, were most conspicuously wrong. Some of the loudest of makers of public opinion, they thought they were, were the blindest to the moving figure among them. It always has been so up to this time. No doubt it is so with us.

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### Before You Dress, Milady!

Lovely ladies merrily dressing,
Your luminous hours mellowly run.
Fondle the fabrics suavely caressing,
Stroking your limbs like the Orient sun.

Flowerlike ladies languidly choosing
Garments that ripple like silken flood
Of death in China, be swift in refusing!
This silk you are donning is dripping BLOOD.

Boudoired ladies pamperedly yawning,
The wounds of babies have dyed your hose.
Mothers are wailing through shell-sirened dawning
Due to the snaky silks you chose.

Fastidious ladies, drowsing no longer,
When it's silk you buy you are loading a gun
That is raping China but, growing stronger,
Tomorrow may butcher you and *your* son.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

# Released from Bondage

SYNNOVE LARSEN BAASCH

III

There is a story about a king in Persia who was ill and could not get well until he wore the shirt of a thoroughly happy man. His servants searched high and low until they found a vagabond who professed to be happy,—but when they got him to the castle and undressed him, they found that the happiest man in Persia did not have a shirt.

And it is true that the poorest people have a capacity for enjoying the moment and for ignoring discomforts, and to that extent we must admit that they are happy. In Swamp-East Missouri the Negroes, especially, appear to have a beautiful joy in living. In joy or sorrow they give themselves over to open display of the mood that is upon them. The white people, too, are happier than we expect of them. Their children often have red cheeks,—thanks to the open air probably. Suicide does not occur among the cotton pickers. And still, judging by their facial expressions, these people are not so happy that their shirts might heal a melancholy king. When you drive past as they sit on their run-down front porches of a Sunday, they glower at you with more ill will than you expect of happy people. The white people do not adjust to poverty as well as do the Negroes, maybe because as a race they are less apt to find release in music and poetical expression, possibly because the bright light and the summer heat of Southeast Missouri are harder on them than on the Negroes, possibly also because these descendants from old stock are embittered at finding themselves at the bottom of the social scale in a strange region, where their own traditions are not appreciated.

When the government bought the project area in Swamp-East Missouri, the people in the district were doubtful, both of the program and of the government representatives. The ill will existed, not only among landowners and townspeople, who felt that outsiders were interfering in matters which they themselves were settling to the best of their ability, but especially among the very people that were to benefit most by the government's action, the sharecroppers and the day laborers. They had no faith in special action in their behalf. So far, they have seen help of two kinds. The first, and most common, was the help that bargained with them, traded with them, and usually got the better of them. That kind of help has made them distrustful and shrewd.

The other kind of help was more occasional—it was the kind of help which a kindhearted housewife will give when she lacks the time to enter deeply into a problem. Like an accident, Mrs. Smith descends upon Mrs. John Doe with some children's castoff clothing. A good haul for Mrs. Doe, and very welcome; but Mrs. Doe is not for one moment deluded into thinking that she can depend on the benevolence of Mrs. Smith. The burden of clothing the children is still hers to carry by hook or crook. And the burden of loving the children is very much her own and no one else's; for these people have no traditional home where grandparents and uncles and aunts help maintain old family standards that fit into an inherited environment; the children must look for love in the immediate group that is taking part in the migration, and many traditions and standards are lost on the way. The wonder is not that people lack standards, but rather that so many of them insist on a cleanliness that might put many a comfortable, middle-class housewife to shame. But all, both the clean and the careless, are moving about in an indifferent world that evaluates them only as cotton-picking hands. If Mrs. Smith gives Mrs. Doe a dress, she may do so from one of two reasons; either she does not need the dress, or she is shocked by a sudden revelation of Mrs. Doe's plight,—and recovers from her shock after she gives the dress. Why, then, should anything better than envy and hatred be expected from Mrs. Doe?

What would have been our attitude if we had led her life? You are born into an overcrowded cabin, welcomed by parents, sisters, and brothers as a future cotton-picking "hand." Landowners encourage large families. They do not furnish adequate quarters for large families—two rooms are considered sufficient—but they prefer large families.

Well, you are born. And you do not happen to die from some undoctored stomach ailment that attacks you because of your mother's ignorance, and her attempts to keep you nourished on beans and sow's belly. In spite of the flies, and the lack of refrigeration, you survive, and grow old enough to pick cotton between chills,—not chilly weather, but malaria. You survive typhoid, tuberculosis, or some social disease that assails you (Cairo, across the river, has a syphilis percentage of 25 per cent, and there is reason to believe that the rate on the Missouri side matches it, but in the absence of exact statistics we shall merely assume your chance to get it). You marry young, for women are scarce. And now begins the long siege of bearing children that die too easily—every fifth of the negro babies dies in infancy; the rate for white babies is a bit better. In 1930, in Missouri, there were 657 children under five years old for every thousand women between the ages of 20 and 44; but in New Madrid County in Southeast Missouri there were 922 such children for every thousand women of childbearing age.

The families are, however, not so large as you might expect. First you bear your children, and then you bury them. Death is much more a part of existence in Southeast Missouri than elsewhere, and that may be the reason every family tries to have burial insurance; it is, as it were, the foundation of respectability in the region, that this certainty is being met. How terrible, then, for a family to discover that the cause of a death is not provided for in the insurance. If you cannot read and write (and that is a common failing) you cannot know just what your dearly-bought insurance covers. If your children die from malaria or diarrhea, you may have to find the money for burial yourself; for these diseases are so common that they are bad risks for an insurance company.

Your life is spent thus: you eat when food can be had, you starve when it cannot; you move whenever you are chased out, or when the faint signs of

a better existence lure you on. You do not need much help to move your furniture into a cottage vacated by another family. And if you are not very energetic (though some sharecropper women are amazingly so) your cottage will remain as dirty as it was before. It does not belong to you, and you do not expect to remain there so long that it is worth your while to take time and energy from the cotton picking.

What chance have you of improving your lot, even though you are a sensible, intelligent adult?

Well, you can attempt to keep your house clean. Mary, an old negro woman on the government project, kept her cabin clean as high up as she could reach. Above her reach, the accumulations of dirt from her predecessors remained. One young husband made a small electric setup for light in his old cabin, which was kept spotless by his wife. Their baby was every bit as clean and fresh as your own.

But, you say, why do not these people trouble to put in a vegetable garden? For the simple reason that the land is not theirs, and that they pay rent on it. Ten dollars a season is the rent of a garden patch, to be paid at the time of year when cash is scarce. You do not have ten dollars in springtime. But why did you not save some of the money you earned on picking cotton? Well, for one thing, you did not get the price you expected when you brought your cotton to the gin. Your cotton did not weigh what you thought it would, either. But at the grocery store your bill was much higher than you expected it to be. And then your husband had been drunk at that time,—why shouldn't he? What other fun does he have? Everyone gets drunk now and then, doesn't he? And so you lacked the money this year, too, although you had made up your mind. . . . So it goes. There are, however, means of income that a resourceful person can use. If you know how to make good whisky, you have an income. And it is rather profitable to help the politicians swing a vote, too. If only everybody could make whisky and play politics!

One day you die from one of the prevalent diseases. The cabin you die in is no better and no worse than the succession of cabins you have inhabited through your life. There are some planks in the floor that cannot carry you, there are rags in the broken windowpanes, the walls are clad in a mixture of ragged old newspaper and oily dirt, and the fresh air comes in, winter and summer, through cracks in the wall so wide that you can see daylight through them.

You felt that your life was very important while you were living it, but in retrospect it can only be said that you lived and died like thousands of others. You found no honest means to rise above the poverty in which you were born; you faced your sorrows as do all others, though sometimes so heartbroken that you thought you would never care to go on living again; but on the sunny spring days you went across the levee and lay about the bayous, smiling into the green treetops and loving this life. In these rare moments your shirt might heal a melancholy king; but I doubt that he would want to change places with you, for all his carrying a mortal disease.

The middle class in the small rural towns—the frugal people that go to church and hire help for the house or garden now and then, the good people, the backbone of the nation—will tell the newcomer to the region that he is apt to have many surprises from the rural population. Yes, any blue-eyed innocent is bound to have a series of disagreeable surprises. Human nature cannot be misused, human enterprise cannot be thwarted over and over again until it smothers in futility, without evil results. Disgusted individuals will tell you that you cannot change human nature,—implying that human nature is such a sordid matter that you had better leave it alone, and perhaps implying, also, that you and I are above cheating and drinking and lying and keeping bad secrets; you and I are, perhaps, not altogether human, but the sick and poverty-ridden rural population in Southeast Missouri cannot hope to rise above this caricature of "human nature." It is comforting to reach for these old sayings when the burden of social misery becomes too great for us to carry. To one poor family, ten perhaps, we may carry our castoff clothing and a Christmas basket, and thus keep our smug feelings of charity alive; but we do not see what we can do for thousands that are not even grateful. Our castoff clothing is a drop in the bucket; those washdresses that were always kept fresh and clean on our own little girls are allowed to hang like rags on shiftless John Doe's children. We feel that if we give till it really hurts, it will hurt twice,—first in giving, and then in seeing how our gifts are being used.

It is true that there are many people who are waiting for their neighbors to feed and clothe them. In all ages we have had people who flocked as soon as royalty rode through town throwing pennies to the populace. That is human nature. But it is by no means *all* of human nature, even though this present age does have a particularly bad case of the "gimme" disease, caused, not merely by government spending, but probably much more by the insecurity of world conditions. So much has been taken from all of us, by bank failures, fluctuating values, and plain deceit, that we must try to keep the balance somehow, even by begging. It is getting so between us and our fellowmen that we do not pay for value received, and we do not expect to sell our goods because they are valuable, but because we need to make a living. This attitude is not confined to those who are on relief, but is maintained by those who devise Christmas seals, charity buttons, and other useless contraptions. When we give now, we give utterly. That is what troubles the giver and the recipient alike; the giver likes to keep an eye on her daughter's dresses even after she has given them away, and the recipient likes to have it acknowledged that she earned that dress with her hard work. In the old days we could keep an eye on our gifts even after they had left our hands, and it gave us a comfortable feeling of power. My husband sells burial insurance to John Doe, and I give his family our castoff clothing; thus, both families obtain something which they can use, and the money remains in the hands of him who knows how to "handle" it.

That is the old-fashioned way. No one knows, yet, where the indiscriminate, anonymous giving of today will take us, but we have misgivings when we see the outstretched hand of the nation, and we for-

get the obvious thing, that we are living in an age of transition and experiment, and that there is a gain of knowledge and understanding even in our losses. We, as individuals, cannot hope to fill the baskets of the nation any more. The cost of experiments toward future improvement must be borne by all of us through our government. We have to lay aside prejudices that would have us condemn, indifferently, the entire class of sharecroppers as "shiftless"; instead, why not consider the institution of sharecropping? Does it have to render men shiftless?

In the case of Southeast Missouri, the government did not step in to look into the sufferings of sharecroppers, but began by investigating the causes of soil depletion. During this investigation, all the other misery came to light; and now that the Farm Security Administration has a project in Swamp-East Missouri, the interest centers more around the people than around the soil; for without good people the project cannot hope to succeed.

[To be Concluded]

# The Study Table

### Three Proletarian Novels

JORDANSTOWN. *By Josephine Johnson.* 259 *pp. New York: Simon and Schuster.* $2.00.

TOMORROW'S BREAD. *By Beatrice Bisno.* 326 *pp. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation.* $2.50.

THE SUMMER SOLDIER. *By Leane Zugsmith.* 290 *pp. New York: Random House.* $2.50.

The term "proletarian novel" has become sufficiently respectable, I assume, to be used even in the columns of a religious journal and without the obligation on part of the writer to consult the mirror for evidences of the "red rash." It is employed here to designate a genre of novel that takes its material of scene and character from the world of the workers, picturing this section of our economic and social life with sympathetic understanding, with intelligent analysis of the forces underlying the class conflict, and withal with entirely legitimate recourse to "propaganda" on behalf of reform and change.

Josephine Johnson, who in 1935 won the Pulitzer Prize with her first novel, *Now in November,* has written in *Jordanstown* a wholly delightful story of the underprivileged and unemployed, white and black, in a typical American city. A sample of her descriptive artistry appears in these lines:

> Jordanstown was a town poised on the borderland between North and South. . . It had none of the beauty or fierce brutality of the South, but a starched and simple savagery of its own. They did not hunt men here with torches and howls. . . They did not run for a rope and tree whenever a five-cent piece was missing, but they said *He's a nigger,* with quiet, complete damnation.

Jordanstown is just another American community of the sort where classes are as grimly separated by economic interest and status as they are elsewhere by birth and tradition, a town where the attempts of an idealistic and zealous young newspaperman to organize the unemployed are sneered at by the powerful and wealthy, suspected by the less insecure middle class, and met with violence and brutality by the forces of "law and order," leading finally to that inevitable tragedy that so often peers at us from inconspicuous paragraphs of the daily newspapers and stilted official reports. And there is the glory, too, the undimmed glory of that brotherhood that is fused in the fires of common suffering, misery, and effort, the brotherhood that Miss Johnson expresses so poignantly in these thoughts of the young journalist, Allen Craig, as he returns from the funeral of his friend and radical co-worker Dave, killed by stupid deputies during an innocent demonstration of the unemployed: "We have stumbled together down the cold roads. Desert. Marsh. Battlefield at the end. But we have found each other, and that is a large thing to have accomplished in our little lives."

If artistic craftsmanship, human understanding, keen observation, and wise interpretation can make a good novel, here is one you will want to read, and it also possesses the rare virtue of brevity.

* * *

As a first novel, *Tomorrow's Bread* deserves high praise and reveals a narrative talent of unusual quality and great promise. The book received the 1937 Edwin Wolf Award for the best novel of Jewish interest, the judges being Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Fannie Hurst, and Edwin Wolf II. The story is one of the finest in contemporary American literature dealing with the rise and fall of a labor leader. Sam Karenski comes to this country from Russia, and at the age of fourteen is compelled, as a clothing-worker, to provide for his family.

Moving to Chicago, he finds himself drawn into the labor movement, and soon plays an important part, becoming a leader in the clothing workers' union, whose word is heard and heeded from coast to coast.

Sam is a "self-made man" of the type that gains his knowledge of economics and the needs of the working classes from avid reading in Marxian literature and from the school of hard knocks, from strikes, lockouts and unemployment, that stern curriculum from which so many of our labor leaders have graduated with high honors and integrity.

But there is a fundamental defect in Sam's character, and it is well expressed in these words of the author: "Moderation was not in Sam Karenski. He lived by a blaring championship of causes. With each new sociological crusade, a new economic faith was born in him." He is an example of the radical who is "well-read but ill oriented." Add to this the fact that his ideas of "personal liberty," particularly in his relation to women, are all askew, and you soon recognize the inevitable drive of forces, inner and outer, that lead to disaster. His family life is shattered because his dissolute personal habits estrange him from his wife, because he finds neither time nor genuine affection for wife and children, and at the end we see him still defiantly talking revolution, "closed shop," still scheming bigger and better unions, but hated by his wife, suspected by his friends, ignored by his children, dabbling in real estate and enjoying the spurious prosperity of the immediate post-war years; and, by all tokens, despite his big words and learned theories and strenuous tactics, a complete failure because he has never learned the art of self-discipline and sympathetic coöperation.

There are thrilling scenes from the early days of organizing the needle-trades, touching descriptions of Jewish family life, excellent bits of characterization, fine examples of straight and realistic storytelling, and the closing tragedy is well motivated and dramatically executed.

It may be objected that Leane Zugsmith's *The Summer Soldier* does not fit entirely into the framework of the "proletarian novel," and it does not in the sense in which the author's previous novels *The Reckoning* and *A Time to Remember,* for example, might be so classified. Nevertheless, this latest product of Miss Zugsmith's pen bears strongly upon a sector of the proletarian scene which of late has come prominently into the focus of public attention.

The story relates the experiences of a committee of "liberals" from New York and New Jersey who venture into a southern industrial county to investigate reports of the brutal treatment of unionizers and the intimidation of workers. The committee consists of John Hankemer, executive secretary of the League for Civil Rights, who assumes leadership of the crusade; Russell Donohue, playwright; the Reverend Walter Shoemaker, a liberal Presbyterian minister from Jersey City; Dr. Thomas F. Pettee, college professor; Mrs. May Diehl, a social worker; Mrs. Archer Gillman, gay divorcee and socialite, whose "liberalism" is a strange mixture of curiosity, desire for adventure, and exuberant sex-impulse; and Dr. John Walthall, a historian from the South.

These seven arrive in Chew County, only to be refused hotel accommodations, to be "investigated" and politely warned by a typical (?) southern sheriff, intimidated by bullying deputy-sheriffs and thugs, and finally to be taken by force across the state line and told not to return at the peril of their lives; two of them, Hankemer and Donohue, are given "special treatment," being beaten within an inch of their lives by a gang of masked gunmen and vigilantes.

The term "Summer Soldier" is taken from a famous quotation by Thomas Paine in *The Crisis,* and it is not difficult to discover to whom in this instance this term applies. Only three of the seven escape the implied damnation of Miss Zugsmith's title; Hankemer, who is almost killed; Donohue, always impatient and at odds with himself; and Shoemaker, who loses his job because of his "radical" stand, are only strengthened by their experience in their determination to carry on the fight against this ugly thing that has reared its head in free America; the others throw up the sponge after their first real contact with the forces of reaction and American Fascism—Mrs. Diehl to return to her social work and the problem of whether she should send her son to military school or not; the professor of art to his secure job and his writing, feeling that Fascism has arrived in America and that "it's too late" to resist; and Mrs. Gillman, probably the most honest of them all, to her latest lover, whom she will marry in order to forget social reform in ease, drink, and sex.

The book makes thrilling but also disturbing reading, for, as Dr. Halford E. Luccock has so pertinently put it, "This novel might be subtitled *A Mirror for Liberals,* for it gives the disturbing sense of sitting in front of a candid camera," and it is this effect, plus its essential literary qualities and commendable brevity, that makes it outstanding, if not unique.

I am sure that many a self-styled "liberal" and eager reformer will feel uncomfortable while he reads these searching pages, and will be compelled to ask of himself some very penetrating questions. It will, I am sure, before very long find an honored place on the "required reading" list of every minister and social worker, and help them to the realization that what the liberal movement everywhere needs today, more than anything else, is not "Summer Soldiers" but men and women cast in the stern mold of heroism, discipline, and supreme devotion.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.

# Correspondence

### "Monument of Shame"

Editor of UNITY:

Please accept my sincere appreciation and gratitude for your account of the "Monument of Shame," dedicated Armistice Day on the campus of Rollins College, in UNITY, January 16. The enclosed deleted copy of my report for the meeting of the National Board of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will partly explain the depth of my gratitude.

I had sent my report to Washington early last week, and yesterday morning UNITY was delivered. You may imagine my joy when I read your statement advocating the changing of war symbols into peace symbols which I had urged as an immediate project for all of the W. I. L. P. F. groups in this country. Securing permission to attach transforming inscriptions to "the implements of death" may be difficult. However, this should not deter us.

ZONIA BABER.

*Chicago, Ill.*

[Enclosure]

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, National Board meeting January 19-20, 1939, Washington, D. C.

Under another cover I am sending a copy of UNITY, December 19, 1938, which contains a report of the peace monuments and symbols found up to date, except "A Symbol of Shame" on the campus of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. President Holt recently sent me a photograph of this monument, also a newspaper clipping giving an account of the unveiling, Armistice Day, 1938.

This unique monument is important not only as an implement of peace education, but also as a challenge to us. The cannon, shells, and cannon balls on the grounds of court houses of numerous county seats throughout this country, and on the campuses of some universities, colleges, and lower schools, are painful sights to the peace-minded. We are grateful to President Hamilton Holt for the inspiring demonstration of transmuting a tool of death into an advocate of peace. Please allow me, Madame President, to present this project—the metamorphosis of war symbols into peace symbols—for the consideration of this Board. I trust that the result of its deliberation will inspire each W.I.L.P.F. group in this country into action toward the achievement of this much-desired end.

ZONIA BABER, *Chairman.*

### Spanish War Veterans

Editor of UNITY:

Americans have fought on both sides in the Spanish war, and fought on each side with full conviction of the justice of their cause. Now there is talk of punishing those who are straggling homeward. But chivalry, even misjudged chivalry, is not a crime. Long ago a poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning told of a visit made by an Italian lady to the hospital, to pay her thanks to the wounded soldiers, who had fought for the freedom of Italy. She rendered her highest homage to a wounded Piedmontese:

Each of the heroes around us fought for his land and his line,
But thou has fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.
Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed
But blessed are those among nations that dare to be strong for the rest.

The Americans returning from Spain, on whichever side they fought, should be dealt with leniently.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

*Cambridge, Mass.*

# FRIENDS OF JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
## Have Joined in a Great Campaign to Raise
### A FUND OF $250,000

To build for him a permanent Community Church in New York, to be erected at Park Avenue and 35th Street, New York City.

Knowing not sect, class, nation, or race, The Community Church has maintained for 114 years the spirit of tolerance so essential to our civilization. It is a free Church, supported entirely by voluntary contributions—does not sell or rent pews—levies no membership dues—has no endowment or wealthy patrons.

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A Message from the Chairman of the Campaign Committee:

After seven long years of wandering through the city, The Community Church at last has its own property, and looks forward to the erection of a permanent edifice.

Its tradition is the tradition of democracy. In these clouded days, when our freedom is challenged from every side, its ideals and its work are sorely needed.

I believe that all liberal-minded Americans will want to make this new church possible, both for New York City and for the nation.

Peter Grimm.

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**The Community Church of New York**
**BUILDING FUND**
**51 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

In consideration of my interest in The Community Church of New York, I hereby contribute to its Building Fund the sum of $.....

Signature..... Date.....

Address .....

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Draw checks to the order of COMMUNITY CHURCH BUILDING FUND. "Charitable and religious donations are exempt from income tax."


## The Field

(*Continued from page* 162)

by any international law that would interfere with its special privileges.

The pacifist believes that reforms must begin at home. Convinced that there is always a better method than force for the attainment of worthy ends, he has resolved never to participate in war. After establishing his personal example, he endeavors to bring his country to the realization that war can be abolished because permanent peace would be to the advantage of all peoples, including citizens of aggressor nations.

It is unreasonable to expect pacifists to extricate the world from a situation caused by militarists. Pacifists cannot be expected to solve a problem that has risen from the continuous disregard of pacifist policies. Pacifism is a philosophy that requires preparation, just as militarism demands preparedness. Good will and justice must be cultivated over a term of years to inspire confidence.

If pacifists had been in control of the various governments, there would have been universal disarmament after the German menace had been disposed of; law would have been substituted for war, with a court for its interpretation; an economic boycott would have been substituted for miltary sanctions as a means of punishing aggressors; the invasions of China, Ethiopia, Spain, Austria and Czechoslovakia would have been prevented.

*The Arbitrator.*

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### Non-Violent Police

*Allahabad, India.*—"After seventeen years' practice of non-violence, the Congress (Indian National Congress) should be able to put forth a non-violent army of volunteers numbering hundreds of thousands," said Gandhi in a recent issue of his publication, *Harijan*. The Indian leader stated that they "would be equal to every occasion where the police or military are required . . . a non-violent army acts unlike armed men, as well in times of peace as in disturbances. They would be constantly engaged in constructive activities that make riots impossible."

—*Gandhi.*

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### An Announcement from Jerome Davis

Dr. Jerome Davis, who taught at the Yale Divinity School for thirteen years, is leading a group to eleven countries in Europe during the summer of 1939 for the Bureau of University Travel.

The group will make a special study of the Coöperatives in Denmark and Sweden, and will interview outstanding leaders in the government in England, France, Germany, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, and the Soviet Union.

The number who can go on this trip is strictly limited. Anybody who desires to join should make immediate application to Dr. Jerome Davis, 489 Ocean Avenue, West Haven, Conn. The cost of the trip is $695, and the party will sail on June 27, returning late in August.